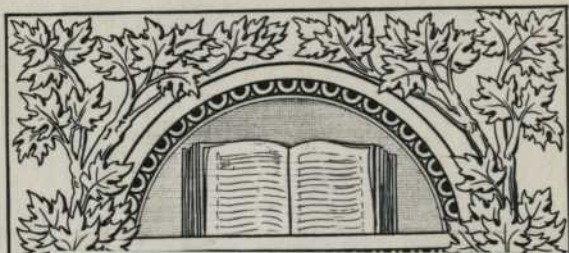


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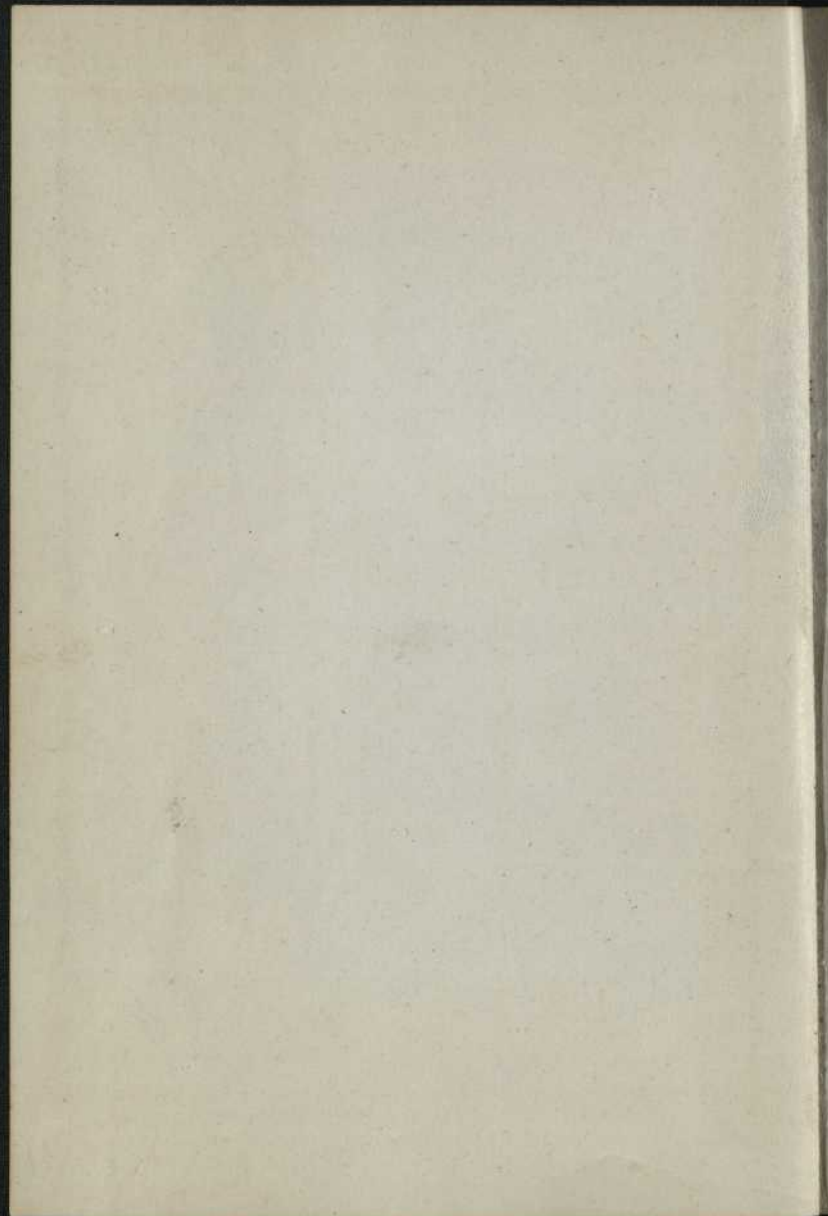
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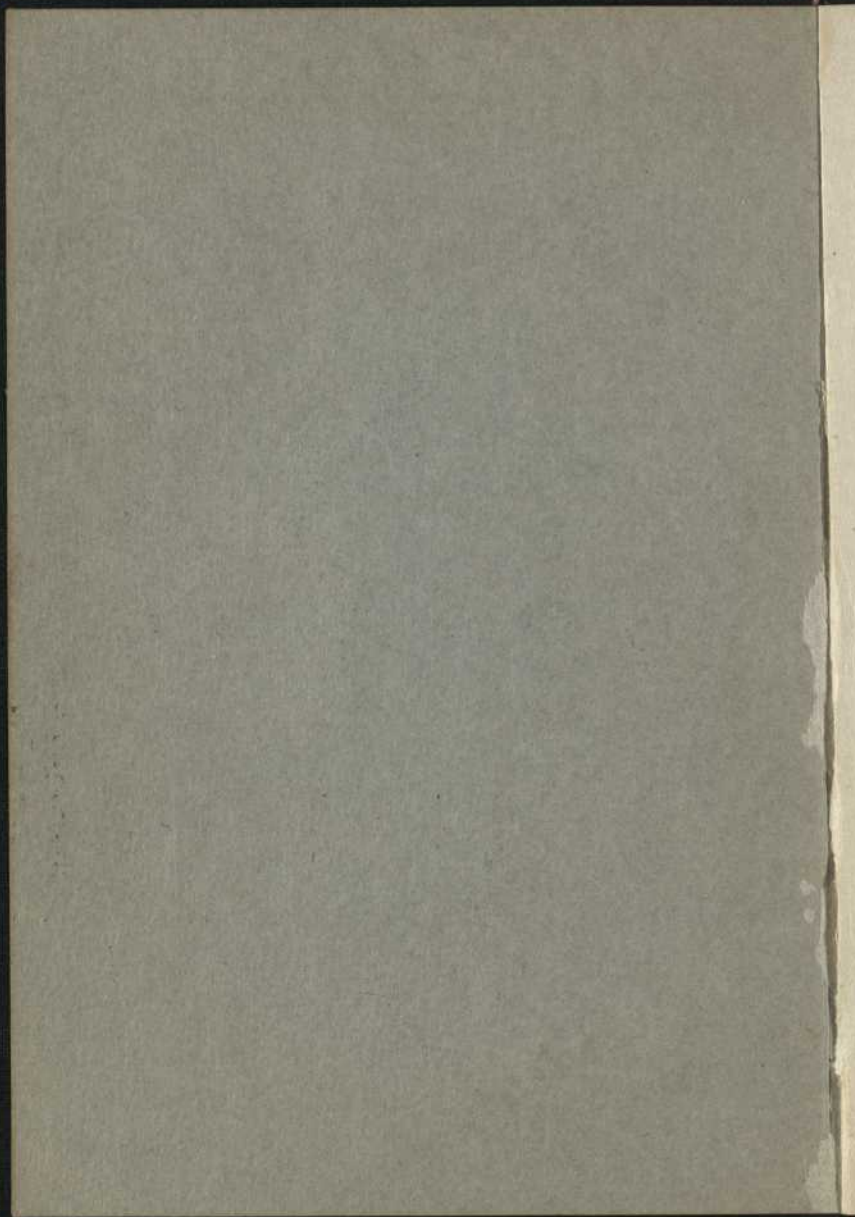




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THE STORIED STREETS OF QUEBEC

By BLODWEN DAVIES - ILL. BY ROBERT PILOT



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THE
STORIED STREETS
OF QUEBEC



The first edition of THE STORIED STREETS OF QUEBEC consists of: a printing on English Hand-Made paper limited to seventy-five copies, signed by the author and artist, numbered from 1 to 75; and a printing on Byronic White Laid paper, limited to eight hundred and seventy-five copies, numbered from 76 to 950. For both printings of the first edition, the drawings are reproduced in color.

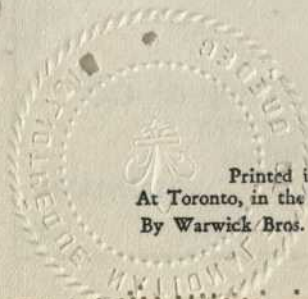
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THE
STORIED STREETS
OF QUEBEC

By BLODWEN DAVIES

Illustrations by
ROBERT PILOT
A.R.C.A.



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I

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY
SHADOWS



The Chateau from Lower Town

I

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY SHADOWS

GOOD morning, Monsieur!" Haven't you felt like saying it, too, as you sat down to breakfast at a window in the *Grande Salle à Manger* at the Chateau Frontenac, while out in the morning sunshine stood the Sieur Samuel de Champlain with his hat doffed in salutation? It is to you, and to all others who came after him in Canada that he offers his greeting.

So he stood, three centuries ago, on this very spot, as he emerged from the Fort Saint-Louis which he had built on the edge of the cliff. A great traveller, a great navigator, a great dreamer and thinker, Champlain surrendered all that the Old World could offer him, honors at court, friends, family and wife, for the sake of the little colony he planted on the St. Lawrence. There where his monument stands he died on Christmas day of 1635.

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There was only one other home on the cliffs of Quebec when he built his fort,—it was the home of Louis and Marie Hébert, which stood a little lower on the slope where the Seminary is to-day. For many years Hébert's little farm was the only one in the colony and there he grew vegetables and small fruits for the Governor's table, and there Champlain would drop into the hospitable kitchen of Madame Hébert for a chat with his good friends.

As you sit at breakfast, eating hot biscuits, and maple syrup from the trees that grow out yonder on the lovely southern shore, you perhaps recall the gentle love story of the noble Frenchman and the pretty Huguenot maid who was his wife. Champlain was forty years of age when he married twelve-year-old Helène Boullé at the church of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois which to this day stands face to face with the Louvre in Paris. Helène was the daughter of a wealthy Huguenot and as bewitching a bride as ever fell to the lot of man. Helène's education was not yet complete, so she returned to her father's home and Champlain returned to Quebec.

Champlain made numerous voyages to France, and so, eight years later, when Helène was twenty,

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she travelled to Quebec with him, the first French-woman of gentle birth to sail up the St. Lawrence. She found Champlain's dwelling under the cliff in Quebec a sorry place, for in his absence L'Abitation had been neglected. Wind howled in at its windows, and rain dripped in through the roof. Helène brought with her many a leather bound trunk full of furnishings, and three waiting maids, so we can imagine the hustle-bustle there was, inside and out, in getting the dwelling in order.

In the russet sunsets Helène would climb the steep ascent of the path that to-day is Mountain Hill by the side of Champlain, to the cliff above and together they would sit with all the splendor of the valley at their feet. It was in the year of Helène's coming that Champlain began the building of the Fort.

So lovely was this Helène de Champlain that the Indians thought she was one of the angels the Recollets had taught them of, and were more willing to worship at her feet, than at the shrines of the Unknown Manitous of which the Frenchmen showed them images. At her waist hung a little mirror, a

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novelty from Paris, and in it the savages saw their own images carried close to her heart.

We can almost imagine that Helène and her waiting maids are still busy below the cliff in the little moated dwelling, though she died so many years ago in the French convent she founded after Champlain's death, immortalized because she loved a great and a good man.

So hurry away out onto the Terrace for a closer look at this city which he founded. Could any one ever tire of the panorama of Quebec? Here before your eyes is the reason why Champlain and Frontenac and Laval were willing to forego all the honors that France could offer in order to live and die in Quebec. As you rest your arms on the railings and feast your eyes and your soul on the picture you realize that Quebec fostered imperial thoughts and the great souls of the founders of New France would not willingly exchange this for the vassalage of Versailles.

Many a time did the English ships sail up to gaze upon and desire Quebec, sometimes to batter at her walls, but for a hundred and fifty years the Lily floated serenely over her cliffs.

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What ghostly crews must sometimes sail the River before Quebec! Cartier in his little vessel of four hundred years ago, sailing westward in search of China,—Champlain on his way to Georgian Bay,—Frontenac on his way to found a fort at Kingston,—La Salle on his way to build a ship at Niagara,—how many there are of them who sometimes come back in the quiet of a summer evening!

Across the river is the Levis shore where Wolfe's batteries were planted for the bombardment of Quebec; to the left, the Isle of Orleans between the two channels, and on the north shore, Beauport and its ancient farm homes.

On the railing immediately behind Champlain's monument is a bronze plaque with a short history of the Fort and Château Saint-Louis. Beneath the promenade are the remnants of the old fort's cellars. The Château that Frontenac rebuilt here had a gallery, with stone paving and an iron rail, on the edge of the cliff, where the Governors paced back and forth in their leisure and where their friends awaited them in that mellow after-dinner hour when favors were most likely to be granted.

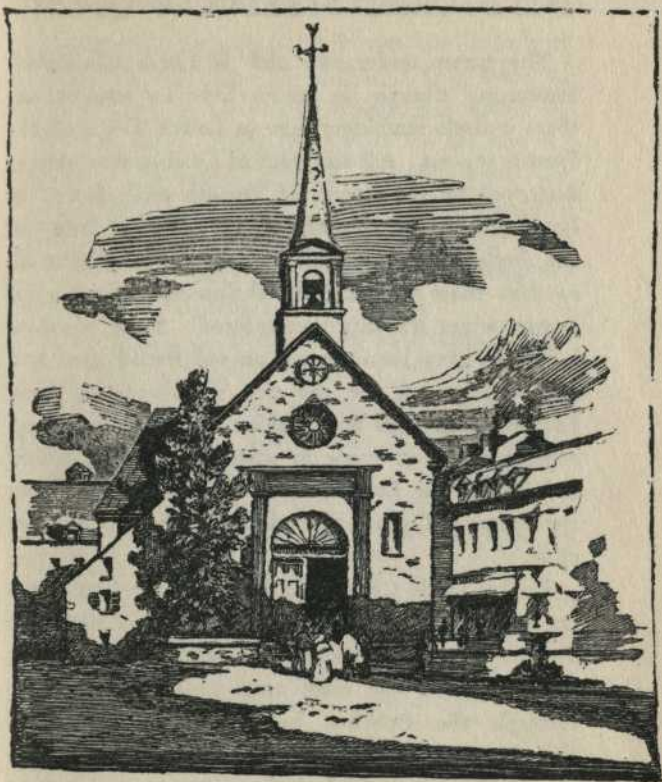
There is an old inventory, in the Provincial

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Archives, which describes the furnishings of the old Château. It had its great beds with tapestry hangings, and curtains of white damask embroidered in flowers of gold and silver, mirrors in gilded frames and paintings of the Kings of France. It had its little carved cherrywood chairs and cushions of *petit point* and its fine old silver and china and all that went to lend beauty and dignity to the lives of the men and women in the little court of Quebec.

To get down to the site of the earliest French town you must leave the Terrace and cross before the Chateau to the Rue du Fort (Street of the Fort) and the Post Office. Encircle the Post Office until you come to a short flight of iron steps and these will lead you down to Mountain Hill. Turn to your right along this street and presently you will come to the long flight of steps which some years ago replaced the famous Break-Neck Stairs, and they will take you down to Lower Town.

Facing you at the foot of the steps, on the wall of the house, is another bronze plaque which marks the site of the first chapel built in Quebec, by Champlain. It is believed he was buried either in this chapel or at some spot nearby.



Notre Dame des Victoires

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The street under the cliff is Little Champlain Street and though its houses have an ancient air, there is little remaining here in Lower Town of the French régime. All this part of Quebec was utterly destroyed by the stream of English shells from the Levis side in the summer of 1759. Fires followed the shelling and hundreds of houses were destroyed, so that there was scarcely shelter for the English troops when the city surrendered. Some of these buildings have been erected on old foundations and over old vaults, for the rich merchants of New France stored their beaver skins and their wines and other matters of trade in deep stone vaults which defied even the English shells. Since the beginning the houses of Quebec have clung like limpets to these cliffs.

Follow Little Champlain Street to the first opening and then turn down on your left into Champlain Street. To the right this street runs for miles along the shore, but you must turn to the left and go through the twisting byway, called Cul-de-Sac (Blind Alley), to Notre Dame Street. Then keeping on your way toward the town you will come presently to the oldest church in Canada, Notre Dame des Victoires.

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When it was built in 1688 it was the church of the Christ Child, but they called it Our Lady of Victory two years later after Phipps had ridden up to Quebec with thirty-two ships to demand its surrender. Frontenac pointed to his guns and haughtily informed the Englishman that his reply would come from the mouth of his cannon. And so Phipps sailed away again after an unsatisfactory argument with the French batteries.

Forty years later Walker sailed back again on the same errand. A storm claimed eight of his ships before he got to Quebec and he too returned with his task unfulfilled. And so the people of Quebec called it Our Lady of Victories.

It is a favorite chapel with the people of Quebec and within it is vibrant with the emotions of generations of dead and gone French folks. It is here you will see strained faces upraised in the chapels of the saints and read strange, pathetic little petitions pinned upon the walls. The altar is curiously built to resemble a fort and recalls the days of siege and danger.

Close by to the chapel stood L'Abitation of Champlain, with its dwelling house and quarters for

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the guards and its storerooms. It was surrounded by wooden walls mounted with little guns. There was a dovecote within and a dial on the roof, and without the walls was a moat and beyond the moat Champlain's garden where he grew roses and carnations.

The little square before the church was the first market place in New France and it is not so very many years ago since the habitants sailed in from their riverside farms in schooners and bateaux and hauled ashore their bags of flour and piled them like cordwood in the square.

Here, upon a pike, stood the head of Jean du Val, who plotted the murder of Champlain in the year that Quebec was founded. Strange to think that in such a little band there was a murderer, but even in the chosen Twelve there was a traitor.

Here the sentences of the old French courts were carried out. In 1680 a man named Rathier was condemned to death for the murder of a young girl. But when sentence was passed the court found there was no hangman, so Rathier was allowed to live on condition that he became the public executioner! Years later Rathier's wife was convicted of theft

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and ordered to be whipped, and as Rathier was the executioner it fell to him to flog her in the market place. What do you suppose happened to Rathier in the seclusion of his "home, sweet home" when the sentence was complete?

In the days of Le Grand Monarque a bust of King Louis was erected in the Market Place.

Here, under British rule, stood the pillory.

Over yonder, where Blanchard's Hotel stands, Madame Champlain tried to teach the little Huron children, while all about stood the primeval trees, elm and oak, birch and pine and maple, and here in the spring bloomed trilliums and violets, and cherry trees in blossom made a canopy of fretted copper inlaid with pearl, for the fair head of Helène.

Follow Notre Dame street to Côte de la Montagne (the Mountain Hill) and the Neptune Hotel where the English tars of long ago spent their shillings in an old inn of the same name. Here you turn to your right onto Sault au Matelot. This street is said to have been named for Champlain's dog, Sailor, who jumped from the cliff above. Champlain was just the sort of man who would have had a dog as his constant companion, on his walks about Quebec, and

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the tradition is supported by the fact that a little farther on is Dog Lane.

In the days of the French régime and in the early years of the English occupation, this was a very fashionable district indeed and the nearby streets were lined with the homes of wealthy merchants and notaries and bankers. Today it is the busy wholesale and financial district, though many old buildings with their iron shutters remain as reminders of another day, when they housed the milliners and jewelers and wigmakers of the capital.

When you come to the end of Sault au Matelot you turn to the left into the narrowest street in America, Sous le Cap, where many a family wash hangs out from wall to wall to catch an errant breeze. Queer, thick walls, and crooked doorways line Sous le Cap since the days when its only footing was on the narrow strand between the rock and the river. Little is there here to recall the days of its old time splendor when highborn ladies and officers of the garrison shopped and gossiped between its grey walls. For many years even under the English régime it was the only way out in Lower Town to the district of Saint-Roch, and in the days when

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Jesuit missionaries travelled like traders and hunters in birch bark canoes, they pulled them ashore on the river bank where Sous le Cap emerges into Saint-Paul Street, a spot still called La Canoterie or Canoe Beach.

Perhaps you can imagine what Saint-Paul Street looked like a hundred years ago when scarlet-coated British soldiers were commonly to be seen here and men who had fought under the Great Duke at Waterloo were familiar with its shops and offices. Many a bright English face, framed in a poke bonnet, peered into its shop windows.

Keep along Saint-Paul until you come to Saint-Charles and here turn to the left for the ascent to the Ramparts. At the foot of the hill stands Boswell's brewery which still makes use of the great vaults built in the seventeenth century by the clever Intendant Talon who decreed that Canadians should drink beer of their own brewing. Talon's brewery had a long and sensational history. Converted eventually into an Intendant's Palace it became, at the end of the French régime, the home of the notorious Bigot, one of the chief causes of the passing of French power. Bigot is remembered because he

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broke every law of God and man for his own selfish ends. The Palace included a store house and the administration offices of the colony. Within it Bigot stored the food which he stole from the King and sold to the people and while the defenders of New France grew thin and pale for want of food, he cast the golden grain to his chickens to fatten them for his lavish banquetting tables at which he endeavored to corrupt the minds and morals of young French Canadians.

What echoes of those luxurious revels must have floated up over Palace Gate to the shocked nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu! The road leads you upwards past a bronze plaque on the wall which marks the old gateway, and the building facing you is the modern addition to the oldest hospital in America.

The Hôtel-Dieu was founded by the Duchesse d'Aiguillon in 1637. She was the niece and confidante of the Cardinal Duc de Richelieu and one of the pawns in the intrigues of the time of Louis XIII. Within the entrance hall is a portrait of this woman whom, it is said, the Cardinal once contemplated making Queen of France.

The nuns have many great paintings by old masters

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and fine old furniture and silver dating to the seventeenth century, including a set of chairs which once belonged to the Duchesse. They preserve the convent register complete since the first three nuns inscribed their names in 1639 and they have the hospital registers, containing the name of all their patients admitted since the year 1689. It is a long way from that day to this when the nursing sisters have equipped their hospital with the last word in scientific equipment. Their library, which includes thirty-five hundred books of the seventeenth century, contains too, the latest text books of their profession.

The road along the Ramparts begins in a rock cutting to the left of the hospital and as you come to the end of the convent walls you find yourself at length upon the city wall built by Great Britain more than a century ago. In that day there was still the danger of invasion and siege.

The new American Republic had already twice attempted to force Canada from its allegiance. Arnold and Montgomery in 1775 occupied the Intendant's Palace until it was destroyed by the British guns. Americans had fought with Cana-

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dians in Sault au Matelot and the streets of Lower Town. They had attempted in the darkness of the morning of New Year's Day 1776, to take the city by assault, and a few hours later, with Montgomery dead and Arnold wounded, hundreds of American prisoners were lodged safely within stout walls in the city. In 1812, again, the Americans had attempted to redeem an old promise to France by invading Canada in order to break its British connections, but to no avail.

So, a few years after the successful conclusion of that war, Great Britain began the expenditure of many millions of pounds upon these massive stone walls and fortifications, and never since has an enemy come within reach of the city's guns.

Now the Ramparts are a pleasant place to stroll, with lovely pictures unfolding as you move. Between the guns of the Grand Battery you have a fine view of Point Lévy and the Beauport shore. You come at last to low houses on the right on the site of the house in which the Marquis de Montcalm lived during the years 1758 and 1759. One of them is named Candiac. Here it was that Montcalm, discouraged at the lack of co-operation and lonely



The Ramparts

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for his home and his family, wrote home to France: "When shall I see my dear Candiac again?" But Montcalm was never to see his old château at Candiac nor his numerous sons and daughters again.

There is a row of old fashioned houses along this Rue des Ramparts and you come eventually to the walls of the Seminary founded by Bishop Laval. On your left is a pleasant little park upon the walls, located as though the old engineers had designed the Ramparts so that they would provide twentieth century folks with charming glimpses of river and mountains. Here stood the old Parliament buildings in which Confederation was born at the Quebec Conference. Here you may sit under the old trees and watch the coming and going of all sorts and conditions of vessels. There are ferries from Lévis and the Isle d'Orléans, harbor tugs, freighters with coal from Wales, sugar and molasses from the West Indies, wines from France and Spain, cork and olives and oil from Portugal, tea from China and rubber from the Straits Settlements. Perhaps, too, a stately steamship freighted with new Canadians, eager souls looking for peace and plenty.

Far to the left you see the Beauport shore where

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Montcalm's army lay entrenched in 1759, and beyond, the heights of Montmorency where Wolfe himself had his headquarters. On the low lands the two armies had their first encounter, a costly one for the English who were repulsed. From Beauport Montcalm and his men had to hurry on the fateful September morning when news came that Wolfe's army was already on the Plains of Abraham.

You leave the little park between the Archbishop's Palace and the Post Office. Beside the left hand gate to the courtyard of the Palace is another bronze plaque to commemorate the church of Notre Dame de la Recouvrance built by Champlain in thanksgiving, when he returned to Quebec in 1633 after his colony had been for three years in the hands of the Huguenot brothers, the Kirkes, who took Quebec for England in 1629.

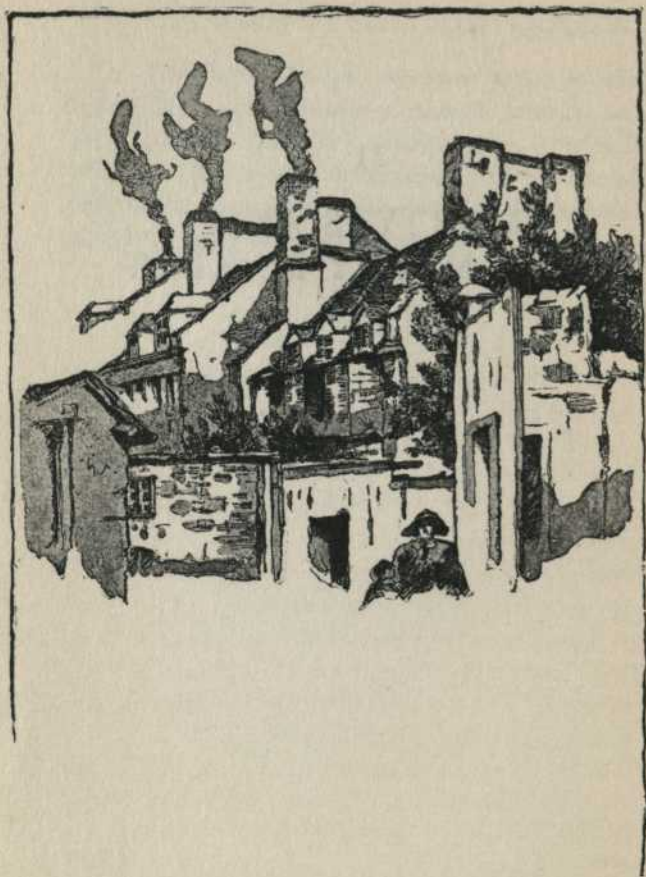
Before the Post Office is the monument to Bishop Laval, the first Bishop of New France. The most interesting part of this memorial consists of the three panels in high relief around the base. They illustrate seventeenth century life and incidents in the history of Quebec, and were executed by Louis-Philippe Hébert, a descendant of the first settler of the colony.

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Du Fort Street brings you once again to the famous Terrace, the finest promenade in America, and yet a part of the city's defences, for it is still officially a part of the fortifications and in time of need might be mounted with guns, to bid defiance, as did the guns of Frontenac, to the enemy below.

II

MARTYRS AND SOME MERRY MAKERS



Old Stone Houses on the Cape

II

MARTYRS AND SOME MERRY MAKERS

MOST of Quebec's story might be told from the events which have taken place in and around the Place d'Armes. Since Hébert built his stone farm house on the slope and Champlain his little Fort on the cliff, this has been the hub of affairs in Quebec. At first merely a little clearing in the woods, like a village common, it grew eventually to be the parade ground of the garrison, the meeting place of citizens, the pole around which revolved the events of the colony. To one side stood the trading house of the Company of One Hundred Associates in the days of Louis XIII, and there later stood the church of the Recollets, and hereabouts lived the first of the wealthy merchants of the colony.

It was here too that the Hurons sought refuge after they had lost their fighting skill. The Huron

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tribes were the first to yield to the teaching of the Jesuits and when they had been induced to surrender some of their old fierce ways for the ways of peace, they became the prey of their ancient enemies, the Iroquois, whom they had driven out of the St. Lawrence country in other days. So, after repeated defeats and massacres, the remnant of the Hurons set up their tepees under the very walls of the fort, until at last they were established at Lorette where to this day the survivors of the race are living.

Here today, the street cars and taxis and old time *calèches* share the Grande Place where once the fashionable ladies of the old régime took their airings and displayed the frocks and parasols brought in the spring by the first vessels from France.

Where stands the Post Office today there once stood the home and shop of a wealthy Huguenot merchant by the name of Philibert. Philibert placed over his door an enigmatic stone, on which was carved a great dog gnawing a bone, and four lines of verse, the English version of which reads:

"I am a dog gnawing a bone,
While I am gnawing, I take my rest,
A time will come which is not yet come,
When I shall bite him who has bitten me."



Le Chien d'Or

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Who was the object of the vengeance? Gallons of ink have been spilled upon the solution of that problem. Kirby's old Canadian novel *Le Chien d'Or* is based on a version that is widespread. The old house is gone but the Golden Dog has its place in the Post Office wall, and there it still continues to be a sort of Sphinx of Quebec.

Before the Post Office is the memorial to the greatest ecclesiastic of New France, Bishop Laval. Laval would have undertaken to rule the New World single-handed if the chance had been offered to him. Indeed, in his clashes with the civil government of the colony, he succeeded in having recalled no less than three governors who failed to see eye to eye with him. Laval was the third son of a very old and aristocratic French family, a branch of the Montmorency. He chose the church as his life work, and while he was still at his studies, his two elder brothers died and he became heir to the title and estates. But he resisted all the pleas of his family and turned his back upon his inheritance. In time he came to Quebec and there he established the Quebec Seminary and the school of arts and crafts at Cap Tourmente where skilled artists and crafts-

MARTYRS AND MERRY MAKERS

men from the old land taught the young Canadians painting, sculpture, architecture, cabinet making, masonry, iron working and many other useful things.

Laval arrived in Quebec in 1659 and lived there for fifty-one years. In 1688 he resigned control of the Canadian church and appointed his own successor, Bishop de Saint-Valier, and to his consternation, lived to see the latter reverse many of Laval's own schemes for New France.

Laval continued to live in his Seminary a life considered in that day to be one of extreme piety. He tortured his body with a vermin infested bed, and ate food which had become putrid, in his zeal for self-mortification. Even when he became a feeble old man, he rose long before dawn and spent hours on his knees before the altar, in summer and winter. At last, in the fireless chapel, the feet of the old priest were badly frozen during his devotions on a bitter winter day and as a result of shock from the incident, he sickened and died.

Cross the square before his monument and follow the wall of the Seminary toward the river, until you come to the third gateway below the courtyard

THE STORIED STREETS OF QUEBEC

of the Palace. Turn in here and in the great stone building on the left you will come upon Laval University Museum and Art Gallery.

Here are collected relics of the Indians and some relics of early Quebec. One of the most interesting bits is a little soldier carved in wood by Louis-Philippe Hébert at the age of eleven. He lived to create some of the finest sculptures and bronzes in Canada, including those heroic figures of the builders of Canada on the facade of the Parliament buildings. Here, too, you will see the lead coffin in which Laval rested under the Basilica, until his removal to the Seminary chapel, his mitre and cap, and censer. Here, also, are three queer little heart shaped leaden cases, each holding the heart of some missionary to New France, after a strange old custom. In the art gallery, though they are crowded and cramped upon the wall, you will see paintings of the old masters, several of them painted before ever Cartier had spread his sails upon the St. Lawrence. At the time of the Revolution in France, scores of fine old pictures came to Canada for safe keeping and here you may see what is probably the finest collection of old masters in the

MARTYRS AND MERRY MAKERS

Dominion. You will see, also, the reception rooms of the Seminary, in which members of the royal family have been entertained. There are some fine old pieces of furniture here, including the seventeenth century chair once used by Bishop Laval.

However, it would be well to save an afternoon for Laval University and its Museum and Art Gallery; so retrace your steps up past the Archbishop's Palace, past the Basilica and so into Fabrique Street. Just past the entrance to the Basilica you will come upon a little courtyard leading into the Seminary, and on the left of it, the entrance to the Seminary chapel where now Laval is interred. There is little to be seen here, for the chapel is a new one but it is said to possess several relics of the Passion, and a reliquary, a gift from one of the Popes, of great intrinsic value. Behind the chapel where the new buildings of the seminary flank Sainte-Famille Street were once the hop fields of the Seminary which brewed its own beer for the boy students!

Several hundred American prisoners, taken in the attack of 1775, were held in the Seminary.

In Fabrique Street once lived the youthful and well-beloved Isaac Brock, the hero of the War of

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1812. He died at the battle of Queenston Heights unconscious of the fact that he had been knighted for his devotion and gallantry in the Canadian cause.

Fabrique will bring you to St. John Street, once another fashionable street, along which still stand some buildings of the old régime. Over the Canadian Pacific Railway offices, on the right hand side of the street, stands a quaint old wooden figure of Wolfe on a little platform on the third story, and this has had a curious story.

Shortly after the Cession a merchant who lived here decided to erect a figure in Wolfe's honor. He engaged a French wood carver who, never having seen Wolfe, had to work under verbal instructions from an old British soldier. Eventually Wolfe was completed and set up in his place. Sometimes the young folks of Quebec, fond of practical jokes, took Wolfe along with them in their revels, but always he found his way back to his nook in safety. Eventually, one night early in the last century, a gang of young middies from a British man o' war were ashore on mischief bent. They decided that Wolfe was due for a change, and so, lifting him

MARTYRS AND MERRY MAKERS

down from his place they stowed him away in a calèche and drove him down to the harbor. If sentries saw that stiff figure being embarked by way of a port hole they concluded that the young gentlemen having dined not wisely but too well it was discreet to be slightly short sighted. However, in this way Wolfe departed upon his sea voyage. He travelled to Halifax, and he travelled to the West Indies and he travelled to Portsmouth, and then he travelled back to Halifax again. But by this time he was becoming an exceedingly inconvenient fellow traveller. At last he was given a fresh coat of paint, packed in a huge wooden case, and addressed to the Mayor of Quebec, and thus it was he came home again. The figure now on the street corner is a copy of the original which has been placed among the national relics in the Provincial Museum. It is whispered that more than one of the young scamps who were involved in the incident lived to wear the uniform of an admiral. The deeds of the property provide that Wolfe shall remain for all time on his little perch.

A little farther along, still on the right-hand side of the street, you pass a low stone house with

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a high peaked Norman roof that dates way back into the early eighteenth century. Here is a good example of the old French dwelling, and, though there are few left in the city, in quiet country roadsides you will come upon many of them, solid, serene and picturesque.

Hardly more than a block beyond this old house you reach the site of St. John's Gate, once a picturesque gate in the city wall with four graceful arches, torn down a score of years ago to let tramway cars in and out of the city within the walls.

Beyond the city wall you catch a glimpse of a market place, but instead of going through the gate, turn to your left off St. John Street, and climb the steep incline of d'Auteuil Street, with the glacis of the city wall on your right and the Jesuit Library on your left. This grey stone building, with its Gothic windows, was originally the National School, a Protestant elementary school established early in the nineteenth century.

At the top of the incline, the city wall is pierced again, and two graceful arches form Kent Gate, a modern gateway erected largely at the expense of Queen Victoria in memory of her father, the Duke of Kent, who lived for three years in the city.

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Inside the gate, at the corner of d'Auteuil and Dauphine Streets, is a grey stone chapel erected in 1817 when the exile of the Jesuits was ended. Within are chapels to the first two Canadian saints, the martyrs, Brébeuf and Lallemant whose story you may read in Parkman's *Jesuits in New France*. They were two of that band of seventeenth century Jesuits who were such a queer mixture of heroism, stoicism and complacent indifference to hardship. They were men born to be adventurers, for they set out in frail canoes, with portable altars and priestly robes, for unknown and dangerous mission fields as far as the Great Lakes. They lived in constant danger and discomfort, determined to win the souls of the red men to Christ. Oftentimes they suffered horrifying cruelties, mutilation and torture, and sometimes, as in the case of Brébeuf and Lallemant, their tortures lead to death.

You will find them in repose, at last, these vigorous men, under the altars in their chapels, carved in marble. Beside the chapel of Brébeuf is a silver bust of the missionary and beneath it a window which discloses a relic,—one half of his head. In the days before the Cession the Jesuits

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were a wealthy order in Canada and owned one eighth of all the property in New France, consisting of eight hundred and fifty thousand acres. But in 1773 the order was suppressed by the Pope and the Jesuits had to distribute their relics among their friends in Quebec. To the Hôtel-Dieu went the original of this silver bust. A subsequent Pope rescinded the order against the Jesuits in 1814 and they returned to Quebec and begged for the return of the relic of Brébeuf. The nuns were reluctant to part with so valuable a relic, and so, as a compromise, a duplicate bust was made, and the missionary's head divided into two!

As you leave the Jesuit chapel you walk to the left until you come to Sainte-Angèle Street and up a hill again to Sainte-Anne Street. Here at the left you come upon the quaintest bit of old Scotland to be found in Quebec, for here side by side are kirk and manse and college. As you turn into Sainte-Anne Street you come upon a quiet little close within iron railings. The long building to the right is Morrin College, once a Presbyterian school affiliated with McGill University, and now the home of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society's

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great library where you may wander and browse about at will. Before the days of its academic glory the building was the city gaol, and there are still two tiers of musty vaulted cells below ground. The little house at the corner of Sainte-Anne Street across the close was the guard house and the other little house at the other end of the row was the women's gaol. The tall stone dwellings in between were built for the staff of the college and then this little enclosure became College Court.

Facing Morrin College on Saint-Stanilas Street is the Kirk Hall and the Manse and beyond them, St. Andrew's Church, as Scotch as the heather.

St. Andrew's is one of the oldest churches in Canada, for the congregation was founded in the year of the siege by the chaplain of the Fraser Highlanders. They worshipped at first in a room in the Jesuits' college and then in the Jesuit chapel, and at last they sent home a petition to George III, signed by many of the men who had fought under Wolfe, asking for aid in building a church. As a result St. Andrew's was built and opened in 1810. All its ministers have come from Scotland and as you enter into the church you realize that here was

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a "kirk" obviously designed for preaching, and here for more than a century the vigorous doctrines of the theology of Knox have been expounded with fervor and doubtless at traditional length.

As you leave St. Andrew's and continue along Sainte-Anne Street you come upon the green space before the city hall dedicated to the memorial to Louis Hébert. Well may you pause in tribute to this little group for in them burned the spark which animated all those who came after them to people the great Dominion. Louis Hébert, the apothecary of Paris, who brought his family to Quebec in 1617, stands atop the column with his first sheaf of grain raised aloft in tribute to Le Bon Dieu. Below on the base sits Marie Hébert with an open book on her knee and her children at her feet. One of the little girls became the wife of Guillaume Couillard, —the first bride in Canada. Couillard is shown standing by his plough, on the other side of the column for he was the first colonist to have a plough drawn by oxen.

On the back of the monument is a list of the first colonists of Quebec, the hardy few who followed the example of the Hébert family in the first years of the settlement.

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But on you go again from humble and heroic colonists to hobnob with English royalties at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, a little further along Sainte-Anne street. On the iron railing at the corner is a bronze plaque which records that here stood the trading house of the Hundred Associates, those graceless traders who for thirty years drained the country of its wealth and left the poor colonists warped and fearful in their misery. In the days of the Cession it was the church of the Recollets which stood here, sheltering the graves of four French governors, the Comte de Frontenac, the Chevalier de Callières, the Marquis de Vaudreuil and Marquis de la Jonquière. After the Cession the Recollets shared their church with the Anglicans. On a Sunday morning at half past ten the English drums would roll out a warning to prepare for service and as soon as the Recollets were through with their mass they would ring their bells to announce that the church was ready for the English Protestant worshippers.

It was in 1796 that the old church was burned and the French Governors were removed to rest in the Basilica. Some years later George III began the

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erection here of the first Anglican Cathedral ever built outside of the British Isles.

The King's parish church was St. Martin's-in-the-Field, where then, as now, all the births in the royal family were registered. King George was fond of his parish church, so he told his Royal Engineers to fashion as best they could a copy of it for Quebec. So you see in the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity the Royal Engineers' version of the familiar London church. When it was finished the King presented it to the bishopric of Quebec. As you turn in at the gates you find yourself in the atmosphere of old England. There are the tall grey houses of Sainte-Anne Street on one side of the close, the church house, the sober grey deanery and the tiny chapel of All Saints on the other side.

In the porch of the cathedral you are face to face with the reality of the twentieth century, the memorial to those who served in the Great War, and between the inscribed walls you pass on into nineteenth century tradition, the dim sanctity of the old church.

As you stand in the nave facing the altar, glance up at the time worn escutcheon of the royal house

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of England on the gallery, for this is indeed a royal chapel, the only one in Canada. Enclosed in shiny brass rails above the escutcheon is the big pew in which all the English Governors of Canada have worshipped. Many a royal Prince and not a few royal ladies have knelt in prayer upon the little red cushioned stools within.

Just outside the chancel, in the polished floor, is a little brass plate which indicates the grave of the Duke of Richmond. The Duke and his sons and daughters once sat in that royal pew and sad indeed was the day when they brought him here to rest.

The Duke was a friend and a fellow officer of the Duke of Wellington and one of the most popular and genial fellows of his day. It was his Duchess who gave the great ball on the eve of Waterloo, when "bright eyes looked love to eyes that spake again," and Byron says that all went merry as a wedding bell until the boom of distant guns called away the English officers to the dance of death.

The Duke had fourteen children and several of them were pretty daughters. Lady Sarah was not only pretty but witty and daring. She fell in love with a penniless officer and when her father forbade him

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the house, she scandalously betook herself to his rooms, and so of course there was nothing to do but marry him, as Lady Sarah was determined to do. And so she became Lady Sarah Maitland, and as even wilful daughters have to be provided for, the old Duke of Wellington intervened with her father in the cause of family peace. When the Duke of Richmond came to Canada as Governor General, they found a place for Sir Peregrine Maitland as lieutenant governor of Upper Canada. Today there are three Ontario townships named for Lady Sarah's lap dogs!

The Duke brought five or six of his children to Canada with him to share the vice regal court, and a very gay place it must have been while they were here.

It was while on the way to one of his tours of Upper Canada that the Duke purchased a pet fox from an inhabitant of Sorel and there it was that the frightened animal bit him on the hand. The Duke went on as far as Niagara and weeks afterwards was returning by way of Perth. From there he had to walk some thirty miles through the woods to Richmond. At Richmond he complained of a

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peculiar feeling in his throat, but next morning he set out by canoe on his way to Ottawa. Once in the canoe he became greatly agitated, and the paddlers pulled in toward shore. The poor Duke jumped ashore and tore madly into the woods, a victim of hydrophobia. They found him in a clearing, exhausted and dying, and by the next morning he was dead.

His memorial is on the wall behind the royal pew, and around the walls are memorials to many another who fought at Waterloo or at the Battle of the Plains. There is an interesting one to the Hale family which for six generations has served Canada.

The only other man to sleep within the church is Bishop Mountain, the first Anglican prelate of Quebec, whose memorial is within the chancel.

If you seek out the sexton he will show you the magnificent silver plate, another gift of George III to the Cathedral, which was first used by Bishop Mountain. As you examine these ten pieces of lovely silverware you will understand why it made such a sensation in London before it was shipped to Quebec aboard a British warship. There is nothing to compare with it in Canada.

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It was during the régime of Bishop Stewart that Trinity's eight bells came to Quebec. The Bishop was the brother of the Earl of Galloway and died here in 1837 after the bells had been ringing for seven years.

You emerge again from the Cathedral gates and retrace your steps to Sainte-Anne Street and so to Place d'Armes and the Chateau Frontenac.

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The Jesuit Church

III

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THIS ramble starts in the Grill Room of the Chateau Frontenac, to be precise, at a table about the middle of the floor, where you have the best view of two fine portraits from which the Frontenac Room takes its name,—those of Count de Frontenac, and his Countess known as *La Divine* at the French Court. From them, also, the Chateau takes its crest of griffin and coronet.

Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, came of a family closely associated with the Kings of France. He himself was the godson of Louis XIII and a friend and confidant of Louis XIV, *Le Grand Monarque*, and was a familiar figure in the intimate circles of the Queen. The Count was a man well versed in the arts and sciences. When in Paris he was one of the habitués of the most select intellectual circles. His sister's husband was one of the original forty members of the French Academy.

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But from boyhood Frontenac was a soldier and by the time he was twenty-eight he was a brigadier-general and a popular hero. Just at that time a lull in the wars brought Frontenac to Paris and to Court.

One of his father's neighbors in Paris was a wealthy widower with a charming daughter, Anne de la Grange-Trianon. At sixteen she was attractive in appearance, ambitious, and unusually intellectual for her time. With the entrance of the young count into her drawing room there seemed to drift echoes of the shouts of a grateful country and the aroma of the royal circle. To Mademoiselle Anne he was a young Mars, wrapped in the glamorous stuff of royal approval. To Louis, she was a source of wonder. She paid him tribute as from one equal to another, and Louis, entranced, wooed her swiftly and irresistibly.

Louis was a man of expensive tastes and had little means for indulging them and consequently Anne's family forbade the wedding. She was offered the choice of renouncing Louis or of entering a convent. But Mademoiselle Anne would have neither. There was an elopement to the little church of Saint-

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Pierre-aux-Bœufs, which had the privilege of marrying without the consent of parents, and so they lived unhappily ever after.

Once the glamor of discovery had worn off, neither of these two imperious souls would bow to the will of the other. Madame became a popular figure at court and flits romantically through the *Mémoires* of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the Princess who lead a revolt against her cousin, the King. Madame, it is said, even attracted the eye of the King himself, but she was more tactful with her king than with her husband for she was able to elude his love and keep his friendship to the end.

King Louis was aware of the friction in the Frontenac family, for who at court was not, indeed? He loved them both and so he decided to put the seas between them by sending Frontenac to New France to rule in his name.

So Frontenac came to Quebec to form a little court of his own at the Château Saint-Louis and Madame went to occupy apartments set aside for her in one of the royal palaces where she gathered around her some of the brightest minds in France. At last each had a sphere in which to reign alone. Beneath

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all their friction Louis and Anne continued to secretly admire one another, as Frontenac proved at the last, and as Madame demonstrated in her constant support at court, for she continued to have powerful friends, no matter how low her fortune ebbed.

The portrait of Frontenac is a traditional one, for the Great Governor left no known potrait of himself. That of Anne is a copy of one which still hangs in the Palace of Versailles.

But leave them for a little. Stroll out again into the Place d'Armes and finish their tale another time. If you cross through the little park in the direction of the Cathedral, you will come to a narrow street called Trésor. Here, under the French régime lived the treasurer of the administration. On the corner of Trésor Lane and Sainte-Anne Street is an interesting house which goes far back into history.

This is *La Maison Vallée* in which are living the sixth generation of the same family. It is one of the oldest houses in Quebec, and was built by Martin Boulet, a surveyor, and a friend of the Jesuits, a few years after his arrival in Quebec in 1640. It was the great Intendant Talon who conceived the idea of establishing a school of navigation in Quebec and

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to Martin Boulet fell the honor of instructing the lads who desired to become pilots. It is believed that Boulet was the first instructor in navigation of Louis Jolliet, the explorer. Boulet was a singer in the Jesuit church, and leader of the boys' choir. Gossip, or, as the French say, *la chronique maligne* says that here came the Duke of Kent frequently while he was under the spell of the pretty eyes of an American miss, Betsy Green, who lived here in the last years of the eighteenth century.

When you walk down little Trésor Lane it brings you to the Basilica, the principal church in Quebec since 1647. Some of its original walls remain incorporated in the new church though it has been rebuilt four times. It was here before Frontenac came to Quebec and in it he sometimes worshipped, for it was then the seat of Bishop Laval whose diocese included all Canada, and most of the United States as far as Mexico. Now it hides the last evidence of Frontenac's unhappy love story.

Frontenac did not love the stern doctrines of Laval but preferred the gentler teaching of the Recollets, and so, when at last he knew that death was knocking at his door, it was the Recollets who

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prepared him for his last great adventure and it was in the Recollet monastery chapel that he was buried. Frontenac calmly prepared his will, bequeathing gifts to friends in Quebec and all that remained of his fortune to Madame, his wife. Fifteen hundred francs he gave to the Recollets in order that they would say a mass for his soul each year on the anniversary of his death. Then his thoughts turned to Anne of the old days, and he added that after her death, her name should be coupled with his in their appeal to heaven.

Last of all Frontenac charged his friends with removing his heart and enclosing it in a little silver casket which was to be taken to Paris to Anne his wife, a last little humble tribute.

So in the spring after his death a courier went to Paris. The Countess de Frontenac was now a woman of sixty-six, still nursing a hurt, and still, if you please, jealous! She would have nothing to do with a dead heart, she declared, which, living, did not belong to her!

And so the faithful courier returned with it to Quebec and his friends opened the Governor's casket

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in the vaults of the Recollets and returned his spurned tribute to him.

In 1796 when the Recollet church was burned, Frontenac's casket was discovered and through a hole melted in one side could be seen the little silver box. Frontenac was re-interred under the Basilica where he rests today.

Upon the Cathedral the English shells fell in 1759, and again, in 1922 it was burned down. On these occasions it lost most of its relics of other days, except some of its old French silver and jewelled plate. As you enter it to-day it is a modern church, though the silver lamp that burns before the Altar is a survival of the days of the French régime. It was badly damaged in the last fire but has been restored to use.

Leaving the Basilica, you cross another old world square toward the city hall and turn up on your left on the Rue des Jardins, which recalls the days when there was plenty of room upon the cliffs for gardens and groves.

Where Des Jardins meets Sainte-Anne Street is a grocery store in a house built two hundred years ago. The keeper of this store is the successor

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of a long line of merchants as this has always been a grocery store from the beginning. Can't you imagine the housewives of the eighteenth century shopping here before Wolfe and Saunders sailed up the St. Lawrence?

As you keep on your way up Des Jardins Street past the English Cathedral, you come to a turning on your right into Parloir Street, with some low stone houses on the right hand side and beyond them a gateway into the Ursuline courtyard. Here you arrive at one of the most famous girls' schools on the continent, founded almost three hundred years ago.

On a wall facing the street, near the gateway, is a bronze plaque which indicates where the house of Madame de la Peltrie stood. Madame de la Peltrie, the founder of the convent, a pretty, childless widow at the age of twenty-two, began her work by searching for some means by which to project herself into the centre of the shifting spotlight. She perceived that the establishment of a school for Indian girls was at once picturesque and worthy of commendation, and she proceeded to gather together those who were willing to put her dream into

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practical shape. But bright little Madame de la Peltrie, who was courageous enough to accompany her mission, remained in New France for thirty-two years, until her death in 1671 in the convent which she had founded. Beneath her coquetry, she was made of fine stuff and she is revered now for her achievements. Girls come from all parts of the continent to be educated under the brilliant women who form the Ursuline sisterhood.

Here too is the entrance to the Ursuline chapel, but you must walk a little further on to the main door of the convent to ask entrance to it. Enter in at the centre door with its wide lipped brass latch and within the hall you will find a bell and a grating. Presently a soft French voice will speak to you through the grating, for these Ursulines of to-day do not mix with the great world as they did when the sisters shocked the Bishop by going to dine at the Château Saint-Louis when one of their old pupils, the Marquise de Vaudreuil, was its mistress. When you tell them your mission they will send out a little black-frocked girl to open the door for you.

It is almost stark in its simplicity, this famous

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chapel of the Ursulines, lacking the sombre color and multitude of detail familiar in the other churches. Upon its walls are many valuable paintings and within the chancel is the grating through which the nuns hear mass. Yet this chapel was the setting for two touching and dramatic incidents of the Siege of Quebec in 1759.

Here it was that they brought the Marquis de Montcalm for burial on the day after the Battle of the Plains and while yet the fleur de lys floated above the city. Wolfe died satisfied, he said, because he knew that Quebec was won. Montcalm died content because he could not live to see it under another master. The city was in confusion and there was no one who could make a casket for the dead soldier. Only a few faithful friends were with him, and nuns who had left their convent to nurse him where he lay in a house on Saint-Louis Street. At last it was an old workman at the convent who put together some rough pine boards into a box and in that he was carried to the convent chapel.

What a setting for a soldier's funeral! In the gloom of the evening some of the citizens stood about in the débris that covered the floor, for

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through the roof great shell holes gaped, and the altar was covered with dust and fragments of stone. In the north wall was a great hole where a shell had imbedded itself. Into this hole they thrust the dead commander and filled it in and covered it over.

A few days passed and the British took over the city. Murray became Governor, and across the river at the Pointe de Lévy lay Wolfe, waiting for the ship which was to carry him back to an English grave. The British headquarters were in the convent, and to the convent chapel came all who could find standing room for the memorial service for General Wolfe. Praise for the victor, where the vanquished lay sleeping!

When at last you leave the chapel you continue your way up Parloir Street to Saint-Louis Street, once quite the most fashionable highway in Quebec. When the little town of Quebec began to spread over the top of the cliff, a few roads were laid out. There was Saint-Louis Street named for Louis XIII; Sainte-Anne, for Anne of Austria, his wife; Richelieu for the great Cardinal, and d'Aiguillon, for his niece, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon.

There was no horse in New France until 1647



The House Called Montcalm's

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when Governor de Montmagny, successor to Champlain, was presented with one by the people of the city, and here it was, on Saint-Louis Street, that he bestrode the historic beast.

It was not until 1665 that Quebec was transformed from a sort of missionary station into a brilliant little military establishment with the arrival of the Marquis de Tracy and four companies of the famous Carignan regiment. Tracy was a great aristocrat and a man of fame and fashion. His staff officers brought with them twelve horses. Tracy himself was surrounded by guards in the royal uniform, with numerous valets and pages. Saint-Louis Street extends into the Grande Allée, and this became the Rotten Row of Quebec and up and down rode the brilliant show while all the ladies of Saint-Louis Street sat in their windows to admire and be admired.

Turn to your left on Saint-Louis Street toward the Chateau until you come to the little house called Montcalm's.

For many years visitors were told that this was the house in which the Marquis de Montcalm died, but it is pretty well established that the claim of

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the little old house is without basis in fact. However that may be, it is a fascinating little place and one of the oldest in Quebec and a witness of stirring events under the old régime. The property was granted to François Jacquet dit Langevin, whose business it was to build slate roofs. But he in turn gave his property to a Dame Menage, whose father built for her in 1677 the little house which stands to-day, after two hundred and fifty years of existence.

It has been occupied since the Cession by many notable people, some of them of the old French Canadian aristocracy, including the Sieur Philippe Aubert de Gaspé who at eighty wrote his famous narrative *Les Anciens Canadiens*. You may enter now, for it is a little shop and you may see for yourself the construction of the old régime, the heavy beams, the solid doors fastened together with wooden pegs or hand made iron nails.

When you leave this little house and continue toward the Chateau you come, almost immediately, upon Kent House which stands across the street, marked with a bronze plaque that records some of its history. This was occupied for three years

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by the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, but that fact is not by any means the most interesting in its history. This is perhaps the oldest house in Quebec, for its foundations and the first storey date back to 1650 and it was built then for Governor d'Ailleboust. It has been enlarged and restored several times, but the massive stone walls tell their own story of seventeenth century construction. It became later on the residence of the interesting Lotbinière family, a family familiar to those who know the pages of Canada's story. At the time of the Cession it was the home of the King's Lieutenant, the Chevalier de Ramezay, who had the misfortune to sign the capitulation of Quebec to the English. It is believed that the capitulation was signed in this house. The site passed through the hands of several English merchants before it was rented in 1791 to the Duke of Kent, a gay and good looking young soldier who made himself mighty popular with both French and English in Quebec. For three years he lived here with, as the French say *la belle et énigmatique* Baronne de Saint-Laurent who was in fact his wife and was herself of royal descent for she belonged to the family of the

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Princes de Normandie. It was many years later that the Duke, seeing his way clear to the throne of England, and fervently anxious to preserve a line of succession, acceded to the suggestions of governmental advisers and married the German princess who was to be the mother of Queen Victoria.

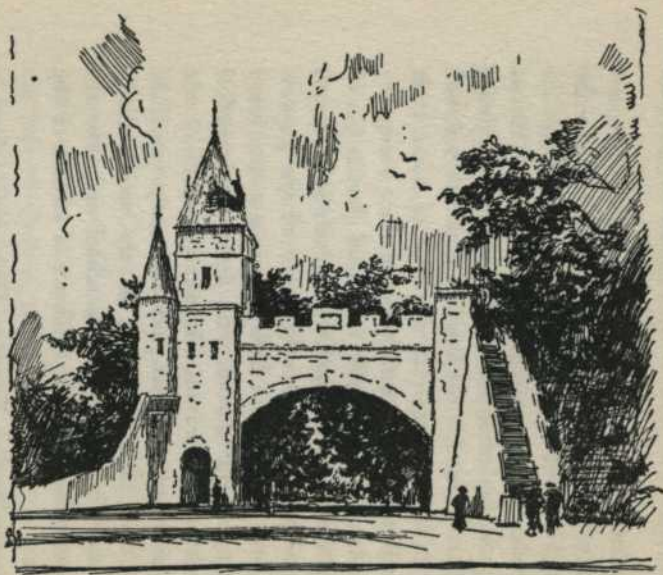
A few years after the gay young Duke had left Quebec, the house passed into the hands of that remarkable Jacob Mountain, the first Anglican Bishop of Quebec, and the ancient dwelling assumed a more sober air.

Turn back now, away from the Chateau, and you will come to the home of *La Pompadour* of Quebec, the beautiful and gay Angélique des Méloises, wife of the Chevalier Hugues de Péan. You can recognize it by the two little old guns which stand at its western side. This old house has witnessed the fall of Quebec, and watched all the processes of British rule in New France. At the Cession it was the scene of many an intrigue, for Madame de Péan was not only the wife of one of Bigot's chief officers, but she was the mistress of the fascinating and infamous Bigot himself.

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Continuing along your way you will come presently to an open space inside the walls, on the the right hand side of Saint-Louis Street, the Esplanade, as it is called. On Saint-Louis Street facing the Esplanade stands the old home of Judge Sewell and beyond it the Garrison Club. The Sewell residence is an example of the type of house built by the English in the early years of their occupancy of Quebec. It was built for Chief Justice Sewell about 1803 and there he lived for thirty-five years. It passed at length into the hands of the government, and the spacious halls where once was heard the gossip of old Quebec, were devoted to practical affairs of administration. It was the office of the first lieutenant governor and for many years the cabinet met in a large hall on the second floor. In 1888 it became a cavalry school and now for many years has been the residence of officers of the garrison.

The neighboring Garrison Club, built about a hundred and ten years ago, was for many years the headquarters of the Royal Engineers, who built the fortifications of Quebec, and who also built, at the King's orders, the English Cathedral.



Saint-Louis Gate

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Here is Saint-Louis Gate replacing the old one through which Montcalm rode, bleeding from his wounds, and still striving to speak comfort to the frightened women who watched his painful process into the city. Beyond this gate begin the grounds of the Parliament buildings, one of the finest groups of buildings in the country, built about fifty years ago. Walk downward through the park until you stand fully facing them and you will realize the old fashioned dignity of the walls with their niched facade and bronzes of great Canadians.

As you walk toward the building the first figures to catch your eye are those of the Indian groups at the fountain. Above is an Indian family all tensely interested as one of them shoots an arrow at some forest prey. Below is the fisherman with spear poised above a wriggling fish. These are some of the finest delineations of Indian life in Canada, the work of the great Canadian sculptor, Louis-Philippe Hébert, a descendant of that Louis Hébert who first tilled Québec ground.

Above upon the walls stands a goodly company. Wolfe and Montcalm again share in the principal places. To the left stands Lord Elgin, son of the

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man who carried the famous Elgin marbles from Athens to the sanctuary of the British Museum. Those Marbles ate so deeply into the family fortunes that this Lord Elgin found himself under the necessity of accepting some post with a remuneration. For him "Spencerwood" was purchased and there he founded conservatories famous all over the continent, for he supplied his Christmas table with pineapples and mushrooms and asparagus and all sorts of rare things. Beside him stands Frontenac in the act of his reply to Phipps. Beyond is the handsome Talon who built the original old brewery, who shipped timber to France and worked the iron forges at Three Rivers. A great business man was Talon, the greatest,—and the handsomest,—of the French régime. There too, stands La Fontaine, a modern law maker and La Vérendrye, the first white man to cross the prairies, and beside him, Iberville, a great Canadian, who fought sea battles from Hudson's Bay to the Spanish Main, founded New Orleans and died at Havana, where his body rests in the Cathedral. To the right of the entrance stands Lévis, who marched his men from Montreal in the spring of 1760 in an effort to oust the

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English from Quebec, winning the second Battle of the Plains against Murray. There, too, is Salaberry, friend of the Duke of Kent, who within a half century of the British Conquest, fought to maintain British rule in Canada, in the War of 1812, and won one of the most brilliant victories of the campaign at Chateauguay, with his French Canadian militia outnumbered ten to one. Here, too, is Lord Dorchester, better known as Sir Guy Carleton, friend of Wolfe, who in the invasion of 1775 saved the Canada that Wolfe had won. He it was who fathered the Quebec Act which bound French Canadians to their British connections and who refused all remuneration for his office though he was not a rich man. His six sons all died on active military service for the Empire.

Turn back to Saint-Louis Street and the Saint-Louis Gate and just inside you will find Citadel Hill which wanders up to the fortifications. There are the pretty gardens of the Garrison Club on one side as you climb, and then another view of the harbor. At last you come to the entrance of the British fortress and pass the great iron gates. Follow the footwalk to Dalhousie Gate and here you will

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be provided with a guide, one of the soldiers of the famous Royal 22nd French Canadian regiment which, in the Great War, lived up to the traditions of Montcalm.

Just inside Dalhousie Gate you will come upon a wooden cross set up on a grassy mound and you will see the salute of every passing soldier, for this was brought from the battlefields where it was erected in memory of the men of the Second Canadian Division who fell at Vimy Ridge.

Great Britain spent thirty-five million dollars upon these defences of Quebec, as approved by the Duke of Wellington.

Facing you across the rocky citadel square are the officer's quarters, screened by old willow trees. The house nearest the river is the official residence of the Governor General when he visits Quebec. Here is a little brass gun captured at Bunker's Hill in 1775 and behind it a great howitzer made by Krupp in 1916 and captured by the Canadians at Amiens in 1918. Your guide will show you the time signal for the ships in the harbor and the guns that are used for firing the royal salutes.

There are seven wells within the forty acres

ROMANCES AND OTHER THINGS

enclosed by the citadel walls, some of them only thirty-five feet deep, though they are hundreds of feet above the river.

On the right of the officers' quarters is the old military hospital with its shell-proof stone roof, now the administration headquarters. Behind it is the old semaphore for navigation signals, now obsolete, and nearby, a modern wireless station.

The Prince of Wales Bastion, where next you will be taken, was named for Edward VII who laid a stone in it. It has a great gun, once the pride of the garrison, when it was set up in 1892, but now an obsolete old muzzle loader. This is the highest point in the citadel, four hundred and two feet above the river.

Nearby is the only building of the French régime within the walls, retained merely for its associations. The guide will show you, as well, the underground passages, the old barracks under ten feet of stone and sod, and, finally, the small cold dungeons which were on active service during the world war, for here slightly inebriated recruits were treated to solitary contemplation for the first offense.

And so you come back at last to the Dalhousie

THE STORIED STREETS OF QUEBEC

Gate. Instead of returning to the Chateau by Citadel Hill, turn to your right between the walls until you come to a short flight of steps that climb upward to the top of the wall on your left. As you reach the top of the walls you are once more facing that amphitheatre of hills, and before you is the green slope leading back to the Terrace and the Chateau.

IV

THE RIVER WEAVES
A SPELL



Quebec from the Heights of Levis

IV

THE RIVER WEAVES A SPELL

NATURE has been very kind to Quebec, for even if, by some witches' spell, it were deprived of all its romance of centuries gone by, yet it would still be a shrine to beauty lovers, for nothing can change the massive beauty of that amphitheatre of hills in which it is set, nor the tints and colors of the landscape, nor the veils of opalescent light that drop between the river and the distant ranges to the north and south.

One of the loveliest walks around Quebec begins at the Plains of Abraham, and brings you back to the Terrace, and so in order to avoid too long a ramble, take a car in Place d'Armes, headed for Grande Allée,—an *Avenue des Erables* (Maple Avenue) car will get you there, but make sure it is marked *via Grande Allée*.

You drop off the car at the entrance to the Battlefields Park and the first thing you encounter as

THE STORIED STREETS OF QUEBEC

you saunter down the gravelled path is the memorial to General Wolfe. It has a cryptic inscription freighted with meaning: "Here died Wolfe Victorious". Here it was indeed that the gallant young soldier heard the news that his daring venture had succeeded and that the British arms were victorious before he closed his eyes for the last time. Those who were with him rolled a stone onto the spot to mark it for future generations, conscious, even in that hectic hour of success, that Wolfe's name would gather lustre as the years went on.

Not long ago the Prince of Wales, speaking at a Wolfe memorial gathering said that he had been "brought up on Wolfe". If only the intimate story of that brave young life were better known to every Canadian boy and girl! He lived only thirty-three years, but eighteen of them were spent in the army, and most of that time on active service. Wolfe was ungainly in appearance, tall and angularly thin, with a long nose and a sloping chin and thin red hair.

Do you know that little poem of Wilson MacDonald's in which he describes all the ungainliness of "Maggie Schwartz" without, and all her

THE RIVER WEAVES A SPELL

loveliness and tenderness within? He ends with the line "Oh, if God had only made her inside out!"

It was within that Wolfe had cultivated the qualities that made him fit subject for hero worship. Delicate from childhood, he trained himself rigorously to withstand discomfort and though abjectly wretched whenever he was on the water, he never flinched from long sea voyages in the service of the flag. He knew his weaknesses and whenever he found himself on garrison duty with his regiment he applied himself to academic studies as earnestly as a monk to his prayers. He made his regiment one of the best trained and best disciplined in the British army. His story is told in his constant letters to his mother and father at their old home in Westerham, Kent,—the old house that is *Quebec House* today in honor of his victory.

The very ambitious young soldier was not always approved by his superiors, principally because George III chose to push him on past them into command of the Quebec expedition. One of the old generals dared to mutter in the royal presence that Wolfe was mad.

THE STORIED STREETS OF QUEBEC

"Mad, is he?" rumbled the old King, "Well, I only hope he bites some of my generals!"

The battle that decided the fall of Quebec was fought on land known as the Plains of Abraham, and had its name from one of the first three colonists in Quebec; he happened to be a Scotsman, called Abraham Martin, *dit l'Ecossais*. The father of Abraham Martin, it is said, was devoted to the cause of Mary, Queen of Scots, so devoted, in fact, that he was involved in a scheme for her escape from England to France, where you will remember, she had been queen before she went back to rule her native Scotland. When the scheme failed, Martin, senior, fled to France, whence, years later, his son crossed with Champlain to Quebec.

The Scotsman became King's Pilot on the St. Lawrence, the first of that hardy race who still guide the ships from the Gulf westward, for though the vessels of the seventeenth century were so small compared with ours of today, yet there was need for skillful sailing to bring them safely to Quebec. So Abraham was granted land upon the heights and his cattle wandered far and near until all the

THE RIVER WEAVES A SPELL

land across the top came to be known as the Plains of Abraham.

The Battle of the Plains covered much more ground than the Battlefields Park today, and the opposing armies extended back inland where streets of Quebec homes stand now. The whole of the story of the Siege of Quebec is interesting when you get back of dates and figures at the men who moved upon the stage of events. There was the long summer wait, with the enemy upon the cliffs of Levis belching fire and destruction at the proud old city which they could destroy but could not subdue. There was the illness of Wolfe, the coming of autumn, the approach of icy reinforcements for the French before which the British must set sail and steer away home. Then, at last, there was the great plan, the final throw of the dice,—that attempt to mount to the Plains. Wolfe and his picked men drifted quietly far up stream while others feinted at the Beauport shore. Then in the darkness came the landing, the hurried hand to hand encounter with the few French guards at the top of Wolfe's Cove, the climb of thousands of red coats and Highlanders up the steep sides of the brook, and

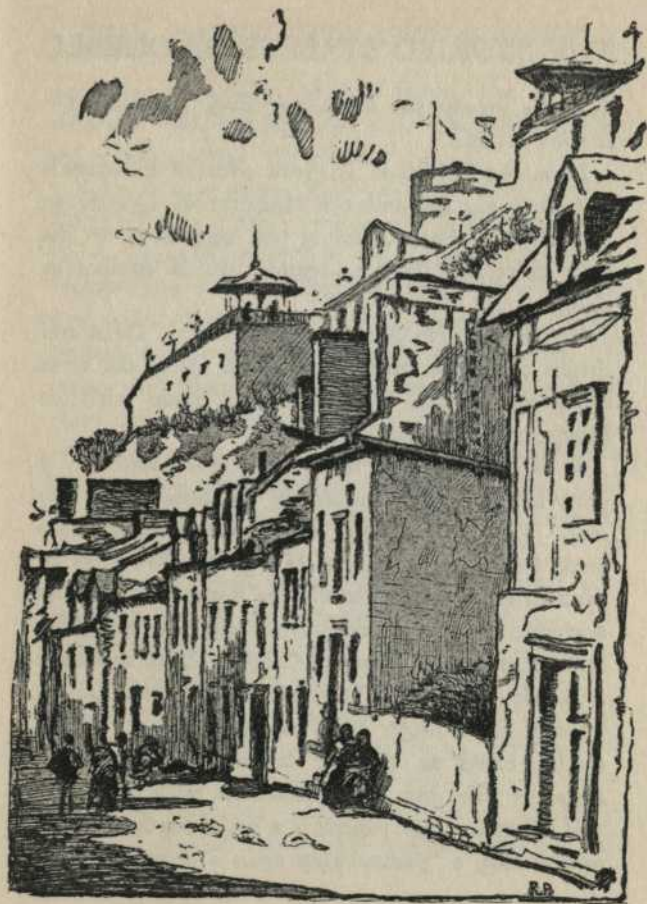
THE STORIED STREETS OF QUEBEC

at last the rising of a misty sun upon a British army in battle array, strung across the Plains.

Wolfe knew that he would never return from that audacious climb up the cliff. On the previous evening he entrusted his sweetheart's miniature to one of his friends to be returned to her in case of his death. In later years she became a Duchess and many wondered what it was she always wore, sewn up in a bit of black silk, and now we know it was the miniature that Wolfe had carried with him to Canada.

Wolfe never entered the city that he conquered. Where the city gaol now stands he received his third and fatal wound and he was carried down the slope to the spot where he died. They carried him across the river, when the battle was over, to the church of Saint-Joseph de Lévy which the English had turned into a hospital, and there his body was embalmed and prepared for its journey to England.

The news that reached England just when the people despaired of any success, sent the nation wild with joy for victory, but it was a joy tempered with



The Terrace from the Break-Neck Steps

THE STORIED STREETS OF QUEBEC

dramatic sorrow for the young chief who paid for it with his life.

Now the battlefield is given over to nursemaids and their charges and the ramparts of Quebec to strolling sweethearts, and as you turn away to the river there is nothing to remind you of conflict or death.

The scene fairly shimmers with beauty. Grass and shrubs cover the land to the brink where the river flows and beyond is the southern shore with its background of tinted hills.

Walk toward the river until you come to a gravelled path that wanders in the direction of the city. Your progress will not be very fast, for who could hurry past this feast of beauty? Why try to describe it? It is too lovely for dissection. Crystal sunlight, blue river and purple hills and along the shores, the homes of French Canada. Here and there a shapely spire points heavenward in the old Gothic fashion, like a finger lifted to God. Below bob the scarlet buoys as warning to seamen and in the silence a ship goes by, a silhouette with a floating veil of smoke; and yonder is a little weather stained sailing ship, a "painted ship upon a painted ocean".

THE RIVER WEAVES A SPELL

Only the chattering of the birds, the staccato echoes of drills and hammers from a workshop across the water, disturb the peace.

Keep to the gravel path near the river until it dwindles into a trail suspiciously narrow for two. Upon just such a trail as this Champlain used to tramp from Lower Town to Upper Town in the first years of the colony, on his way to visit Louis Hébert in his stone farm house on the cliff. It twists and turns and almost loses itself among the thorn trees, but stick to it!

The views as you go along this way toward the city are ever changing and forever beautiful. God must have loved Quebec, he took such pains to make it beautiful.

At last you will come to the cliff which has been shutting out the sight of the city and as you climb to the summit upon one of the many beaten paths that mark its grassy side you find yourself with a whole new world before you. Here you are standing between the Houses of Parliament and the river and straight ahead is the top of the Chateau's tower. Away to your left is the fertile valley of the St. Charles, checked with fields and dotted with little

THE STORIED STREETS OF QUEBEC

homes, with here and there a cluster of houses around some parish church.

These uneven ridges upon the hill top are part of the old British defences but now they are amazingly quiet and solitary. Perhaps you will find some one there, as I did, rehearsing a speech to an uncritical river and sky, with all the appropriate gestures.

But this was once a place of execution. What irony it was to bring the evil doers of Quebec out onto this loveliest of spots so that their last glimpse of earth might make them long to stay.

One of the ghosts of Quebec is that of a woman known as La Corriveau who was hanged out here on the *Butte à Neveu* for having murdered her husband. After the loathsome custom of the day her body was encased in an iron cage and hung at the crossroads on the Levis side of the river. There, it is said, in fiendish glee, she lured the souls of honest *habitants* to destruction. But one night the iron cage disappeared, to be found, in 1850, buried in a cemetery. Who was it tried to give the dreaded Corriveau the peace of a Christian burial? For years the iron cage travelled about the country with Barnum's Circus and now it is lost again.

THE RIVER WEAVES A SPELL

Strike out across the green to your left until you come to the walls of the fort, for here you leave the river. There was once a way to get back to the Terrace on the face of the fort, but the old wooden stairs are unsafe for use at the present. And so you follow the inner walls of the fort on which Britain spent thirty-five million dollars. Some of the walls are falling now and no one seems to worry. There are little wooden bridges over the moats, and foot worn paths along the ridges of the walls that bring you back at last in sight of Quebec harbor.

There is a green hill here and at its foot a row of old world houses as precise and carefully groomed as if they belonged to Cranford. Walk diagonally across the hill and at the foot of it you will find a flight of stairs, less sensational to descend than those at the King's Bastion of the fort.

Perhaps, as you descend the hill, you will see, as I did, time and time again, a little lad sitting at the very edge just where it falls away sharply to the Terrace. He sits motionless, a child who looks like Princess Mary's older boy, with a sailor cap on the back of his fair head, cross legged and alone.

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Other children are playing noisily about, but when you reach the Terrace and look back, he is still there, silhouetted against the sky, half way up the hill, like a thoughtful little brownie. Of what is he thinking and when shall we hear his thoughts? Who knows? He will store up some of these magic pictures and some day they will come out, perhaps in color, perhaps in music, perhaps in rhythmic words. I would like to know who he is and of what he is thinking, but I won't disturb him and I hope nobody else does. He shall tell us in his own good time, for he is steeping his young soul in beauty.

Here you are back again upon the Terrace, contentedly weary, seeking a green bench and a rest. And where should you go, indeed, but to the Governor's Garden? When you near the Chateau turn up a few stone steps before a stone shaft.

It is a pretty name, "Governor's Garden" and goes "trippingly upon the tongue." Here in the sunny afternoons of long ago the ladies of the little vice regal court would bring their needle-work, and now and again bright eyes would stray from the silken threads to rest with infinite delight

THE RIVER WEAVES A SPELL

and tenderness upon the river and the hills beyond. But while you watch a great liner is manœuvring into dock and finally it slips out of sight behind an angle in the tall shaft that stands in the Garden and so your eyes come to rest upon the stone.

Wolfe and Montcalm! did ever foemen have such a memorial? "History gave them a common fame," you read, "destiny a common death, and posterity a common monument."

Come out again some evening into this patch of pleasure ground and perhaps, if the night is still,—and the moon is flirting with the ripples on the water,—and you are just a little bit "fey", you may see something. Perhaps a tall figure, beginning to bend a little with the weight of years, no longer haughty in his solitude, but a little weary, and perhaps a little wistful. Or perhaps you may be startled by a light laugh, like the music of silver bells at mass, and catch a shimmer of satin and a glint of light along a silver hilt, through the trees. Who knows? Wouldn't you come back, sometimes, to Quebec, if you, too, had lived and loved and died here in the days of long ago?

THE END

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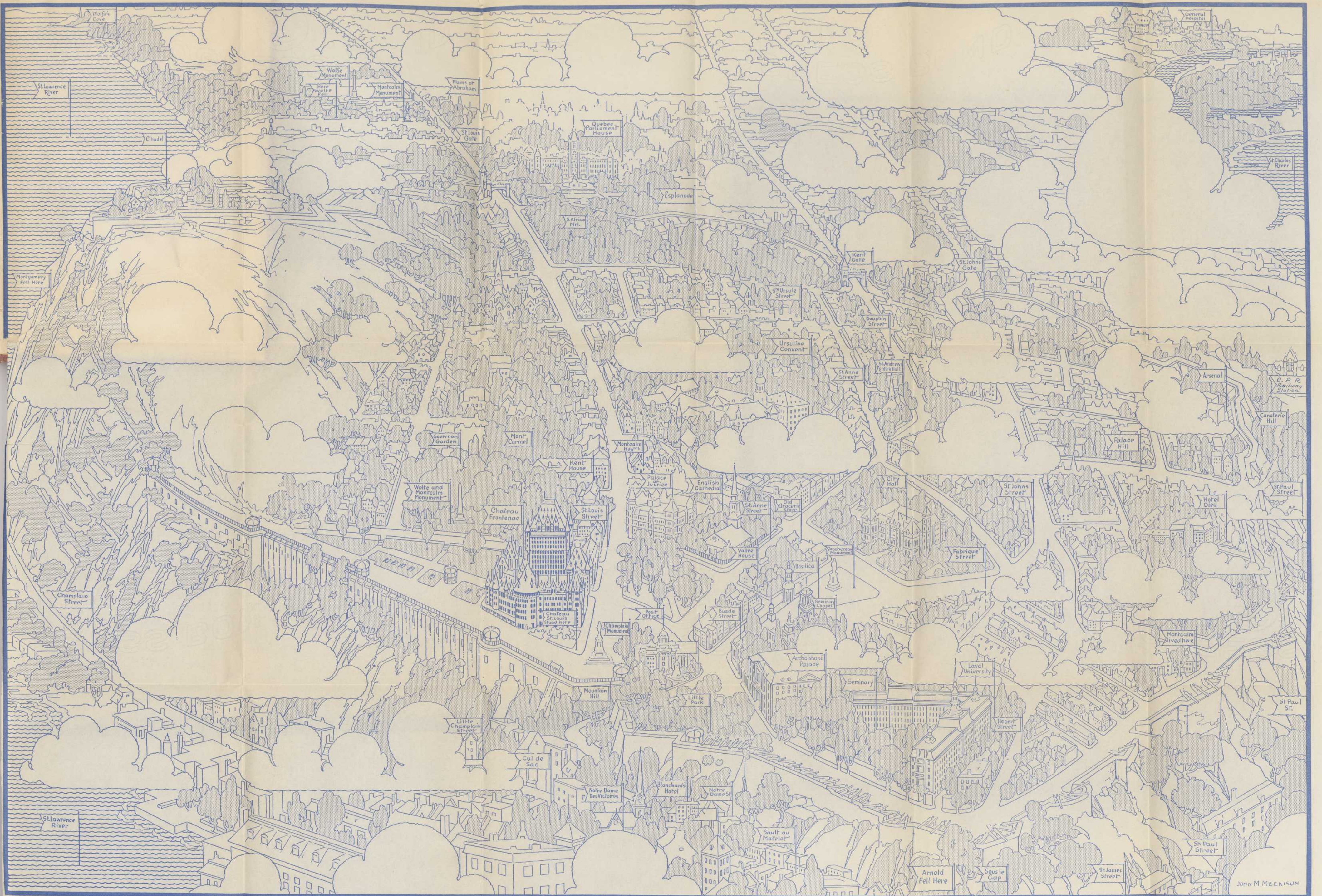
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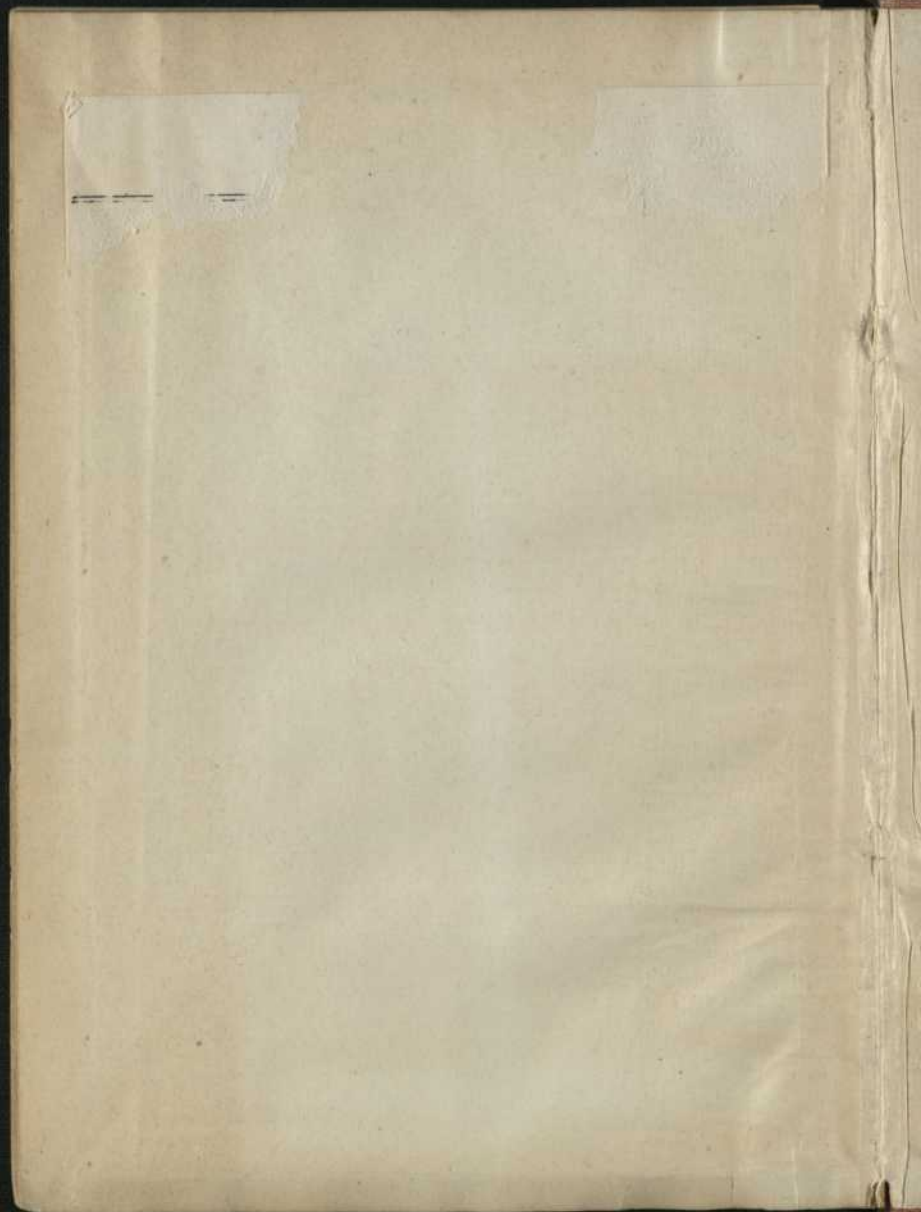
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